Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke (poore ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweete youth and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remaine.

Theſ.

Theſ. I wonder
Deme. No wond
Aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſam
That I, one *Flute* (b
And ſuch a wall, as
That had in it a cra
Through which th
Did whiſper often,
This lome, this rou
That I am that ſam
And this the cranny
Through which th
Theſ. Would yo
Deme. It is the
courſe, my Lord.
Theſ. *Piramus* dr
Pir. O grim look
O night, which eue
O night, ô night, al
I feare my *Thisbies*
And thou ô wall, ô
That ſtands betwee
Thou wall, ô wall,
Shew me thy chink
Thanks courteous w
But what ſee I? No
O wicked wall, thro
Curſt be thy ſtones,
Theſ. The wall m
gaine.
Pir. No in truth
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe
Her through the wa